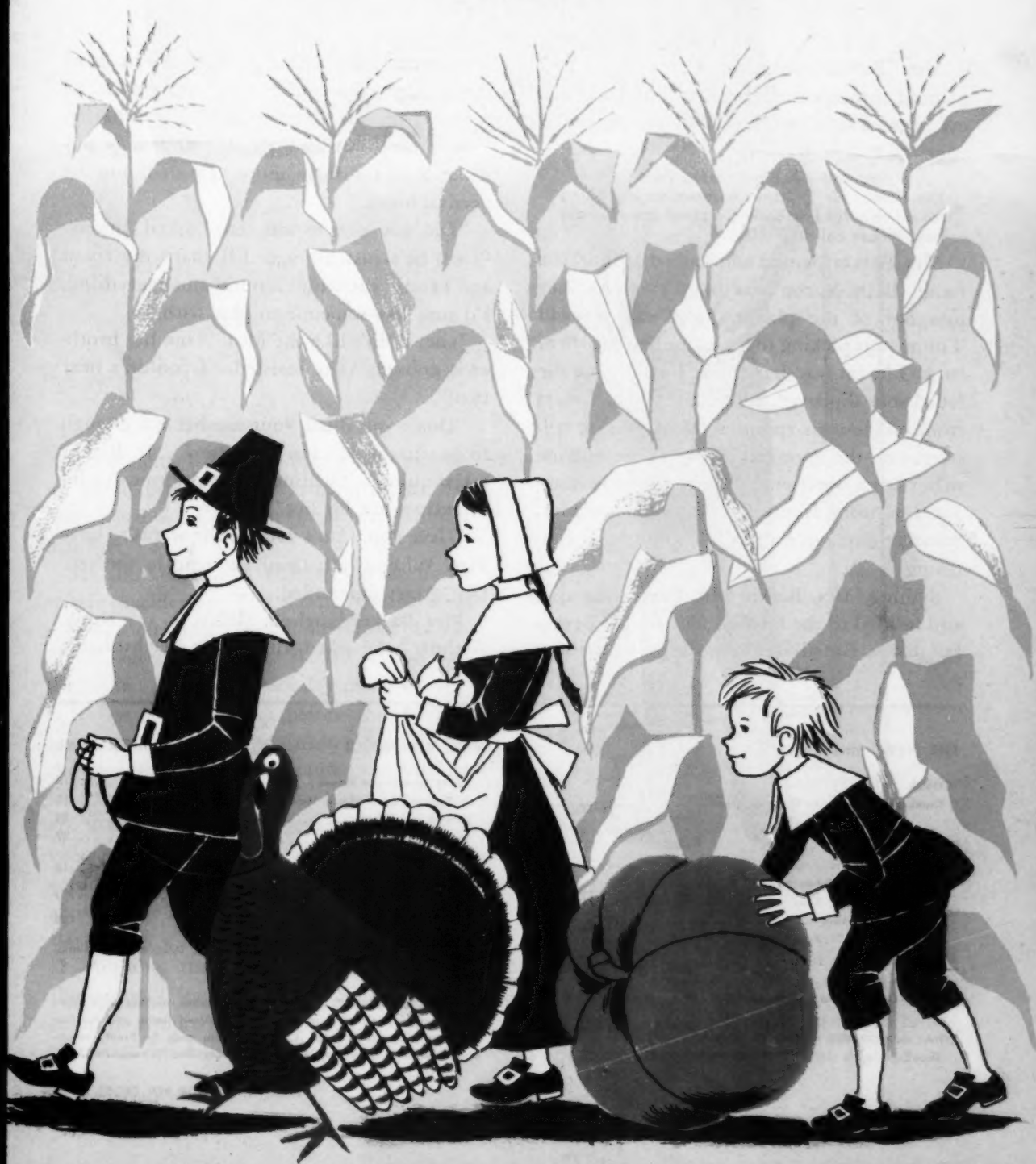


NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

NOVEMBER 1961



A HOME FOR ERIC

By Donna Hussain

Mrs. Barker picked up the paper and glanced through the headlines. Suddenly her eye noted a small article at the bottom of the page.

Wanted—A Big-Hearted Family
The Homes for Children Association is looking for a home for Eric Bailey, a blind ten-year-old boy. Please call BE 7-1000.

Mrs. Barker paused and looked around the room. Baby Karen was busy throwing her toys out of the playpen, and two-year-old Timmy was picking them up and giving them back. The cat was sharpening his claws on the faded sofa slipcover, which already had tears from previous sharpenings. Mary was sprawled out on the floor talking on the telephone to her latest boyfriend, while Jim was reading Janet a story from his fifth grade reader. Summer days were always this noisy and confusing.

Sighing, Mrs. Barker put down the paper and headed to the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes. But all day long she thought about

the newspaper article. At dinner she read the article to the family. Mary was the first to suggest what Mrs. Barker had been thinking.

"Mother, why don't we take him? It would make things a little more crowded, but he needs a home."

"Did you say he was ten?" asked Jimmy. "Gee, he's just my age. I'll share my room and I could show him around and everything. I'd sure like someone to play with."

Janet didn't like the idea. "One big brother is enough," she insisted. "I couldn't bear two!"

"Don't you think your mother has enough to do with all of us to look after?" Mr. Barker asked quietly. "A blind boy would mean a lot of extra work for her."

"Gee, Pop. Can't you see she wants to have him? Why do you think she read us the article?" Mary demanded.

Mrs. Barker laughed. "What do you think, Arthur?" she asked, turning to her husband.

THE NEWS this month . . .

COVER

Thanksgiving Time, by Dagmar Wilson 1

STORIES

*A Home for Eric 2
*Ramon and the Burrocito 12
*Lion in the Back Yard 20
*No Bike for Sale 24

ARTICLES

*Do, Re, Mi 8
*From Footwear to Spacewear 16

WHAT JUNIOR RED CROSS IS DOING

Thanksgiving Is 6

VOL. 43, NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1961

What Enrollment Means 10
A Spring Fever Worth Having 19
Interesting Things 22
How To Show Off Well 27

FIRST AID FACT NO. 9 18

POETRY: How November Grows 23

SONG: Two and Two 28

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WANTED

A BIG HEARTED FAMILY

The Homes for Children Association is looking for a home for Eric

Bailey, a blind ten-year-old boy.

Please call BE 7-1000

"Mary's right. I do want the child. I'm sure we could give him the kind of home the agency is looking for. Do you think we could manage?"

Mr. Barker agreed that it was certainly worth considering. The family continued to discuss the matter throughout dinner. It was finally agreed that Mr. Barker would call the agency first thing Monday morning.

It was several weeks before the Barkers learned about their application for Eric. First the agency sent forms to be filled out with information about the family. Then Mrs. Rogers, a woman from the agency, made several visits to the Barkers to see if she thought they could give Eric a good home. Finally, word arrived that Eric could come to live with the Barkers for a trial period of several months. If after that time Eric was happy and the Barkers still wanted to have him stay, Eric could be adopted.

At last the day came when Eric was to ar-

rive. When the agency car drove up and Eric and Mrs. Rogers got out, Mrs. Barker rushed up to hug Eric. But as she touched him, Eric drew away awkwardly and seemed afraid.

(Continued on the next page)



A HOME FOR ERIC . . .

—continued

Mrs. Rogers hastily introduced Eric to Mrs. Barker and had him use his hands to feel her face so he would know what she was like. The rest of the family was then introduced. Eric felt all their faces but said nothing. Sensing that Mrs. Rogers was about to leave him with the strange family, he clung to her side and looked ready to cry.

"Doesn't he like us?" whispered Janet.

"Just give him time to get used to us," Mrs. Barker whispered.

To ease the situation, Mrs. Rogers suggested they all go in the house and look around. She promised Eric that she would stay the whole day with him; he began to relax slightly. After much coaxing, he agreed to wander through the house with the children and inspect their rooms and toys. Jim took charge. "Remember! He's mine," he warned.

By the end of the day Eric was still silent and withdrawn. The only thing that kept him from crying when Mrs. Rogers left was her promise that she would come to visit him again in a few days. The children were disappointed. They wanted to be liked.

In the next few days the Barkers all tried hard to be especially nice to Eric. Before every meal Mrs. Barker would ask Eric what he would like to eat, although he would never give any suggestions. Jim tried to teach Eric how to roller skate and continually reminded Eric that he could play with any of his toys he wanted to. Afraid that Eric might be lonely, Janet followed him around, supplying him with a constant stream of chatter. When it was Eric's turn to dry the dishes, Mary insisted on doing it for him, saying she knew how much boys hated to do dishes. But in spite of these attempts to be friendly, Eric usually was withdrawn and sullen.

Of course, on some days Eric did seem to enjoy living with the Barkers, but on other

days it seemed as if everything went wrong. Once Mr. Barker forgot to close the closet door, and Eric banged into it and cut his forehead. Another time Eric tripped over Mary when she was sprawled out on the floor in her usual telephoning position. However, the worst was the night Mrs. Barker forgot to cut Eric's meat and he was too embarrassed to ask for help. In trying to cut the meat himself, Eric spilled his milk and sent the peas shooting across the table. This was too much for Eric. He rushed from the table in tears.

As Mary cleaned up the milk she said, "Well, I don't blame him. I'd be in tears, too."

"I bet he'll tell Mrs. Rogers he wants to go away," Janet remarked.

"Oh, don't say that!" Mrs. Barker exclaimed. "I don't want to lose him."

"Well, I say let him go if he wants to," Jim said. "If he doesn't like us, just let him go. What's the matter with him anyway? Why doesn't he like us?"

"Maybe that's just the trouble," said Mary thoughtfully. "We are all so busy thinking up ways to get him to like us. He's probably tired of having us try to please him."

Mr. Barker nodded. "I think you have a point, Mary. Eric will never feel that he belongs to the family if we keep treating him like a guest. Let's try to think up ways to make him feel he belongs."

"I could always beat him up," suggested Jim.

"Oh, be serious! You mean things like having him do chores like we do, don't you, Dad?" Mary asked.

"That's it. Any more suggestions?"

"Maybe Janet could give him some peace and quiet for a change."

"Mother, you shouldn't baby him so much!"

"He could be in charge of emptying the wastebaskets."

"How about asking him to baby sit sometimes?"

The Barkers spent the rest of the dinner

thinking up ways to make Eric feel part of the family. Next day they began their campaign. But in spite of their efforts, they could see no change in Eric.

Then came the evening of the thunderstorm. Mary was in the kitchen helping Mrs. Barker with the dishes while Timmy raced around the kitchen table after the cat. Mr. Barker was in the basement with Jim, helping him build a model airplane. Janet was watching TV in the living room where Eric was wandering about looking for something to do. Baby Karen had been put to bed for the night.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash of lightning and a terribly loud clap of thunder. Instantly all the lights went out. For a moment there was silence. Then, all at once . . .

"Where are the candles? We need some candles down here. Jim and I can't see a thing."

CRASH! "Oh, a glass! Look out, Timmy! What'll I do, Mom? I can't see a thing."

"There's Karen crying. Janet! Janet! Can you hear me? Go get Karen. I'm busy finding the candles. Watch out for the glass, Mary! You'll track it all over the house."

Janet tried to find the living room door to do as her mother asked. First she bumped into a chair. "Ouch, my ankle!" Then she walked against the playpen. Slowly she groped her way through the dark. Karen screamed even louder as a second clap of thunder followed the first.

Then Eric suddenly said, "Never mind. I'll get Karen. I'm used to it being dark."

Before Janet even reached the door, Eric had raced from the room, gone quickly up the stairs, found Karen's room, picked up the baby, and brought her downstairs to Mrs. Barker. "Thank you, Eric," she said quietly, making it sound as though what had just happened was the most natural thing in the world. Inside, she was deeply proud of him.

Not until much later in the evening did



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

Mr. and Mrs. Barker talk about what had happened. Nor did they fully realize its importance until the next day, when Mrs. Barker overheard Eric say to Mrs. Rogers, "I think I'll stay here. They need me." ♦



Thanksgiving is a holiday once a year, but there are thousands of things in the world to be thankful for every day in the year. On this page we show a few of those things—which happen to Junior Red Cross members or because of what they do.

Think of them, and then about what you as a Junior Red Cross member can do to make someone else's life happier. In the happiness of another is the best thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING

Berkeley, Calif., Public Schools photo



OTHERS' THOUGHT OF US. The gift boxes on display at the Thousand Oaks School in Berkeley, Calif., are from Chinese friends.



Florida Times-Union photo

U. S. Air Force photo



MEETING NEW FRIENDS. Party on Okinawa joins Junior Red Cross members at Kadena Primary School and Okinawan boys and girls.

IS



THE BEAUTY WE CAN MAKE. Flackville, Ind., members create gay party favors.

**DON'T FORGET TO
JOIN
THE AMERICAN JR
RED CROSS**



WORKING TOGETHER FOR OTHERS. Jacksonville, Fla., members Lee Schell, Eleanor Daniel, Jannifer Ware work with teacher-sponsor Naomi Scatterday on gift boxes.



THE PLEASURE WE CAN BRING. It's cookies for naval hospital patients that Barbara Holmes is making at her home in Memphis, Tennessee.

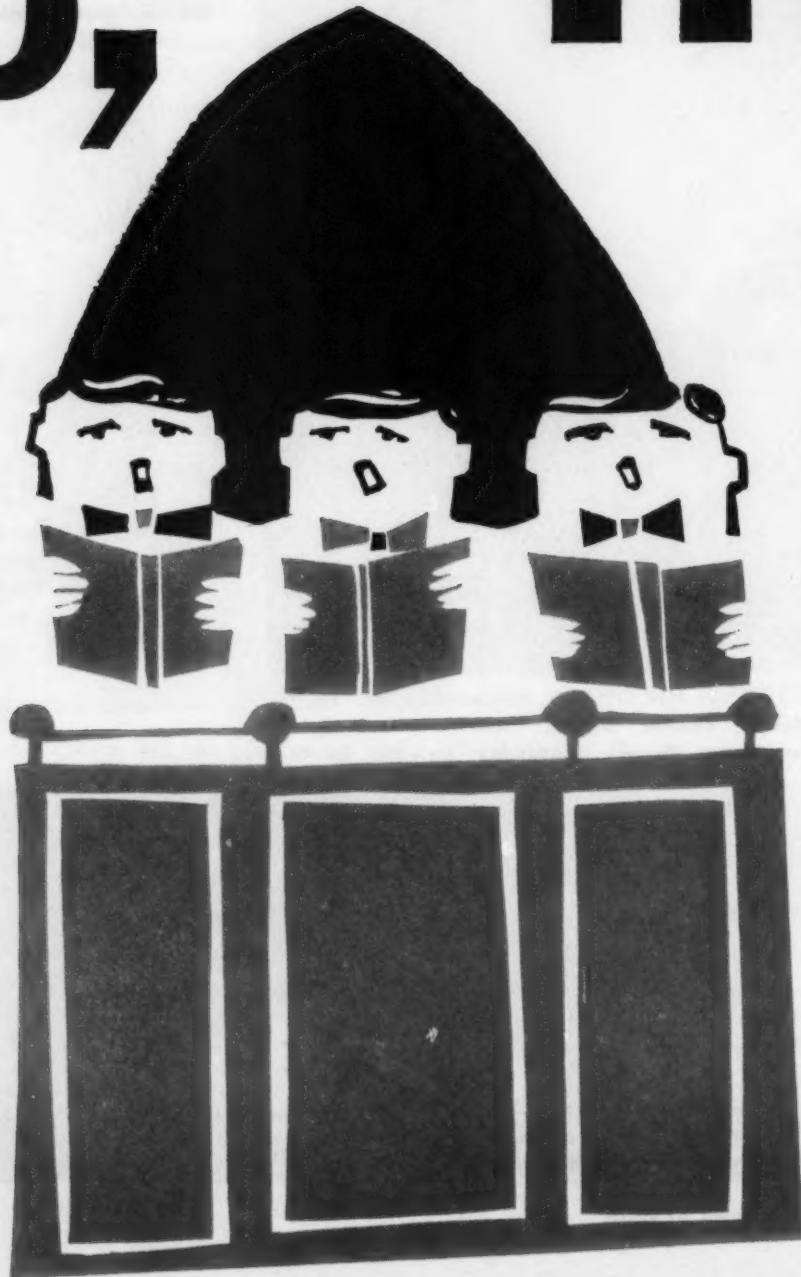
A SONG WITH OUR FRIENDS. Korean Junior Red Cross members climax a happy day with the orphans they visit and help.



By Roberta F. Caldwell

A monk of long ago, who taught a boy's choir,
had an idea about singing that is still in use
today.

do, re, mi



ART BY
JOE MORGAN

Hymn To St. John The Baptist

C=Ut or Do D=Re E=Mi

Ut que-ant lax-is Re-so-na-re fi-bris Mi-ra ges-to-rum

F=Fa G=Sol A=La

Fa-mu-li tu-o-rum Sol-ve pol-lu-ti La-bi-i re-a-tum

Sanc-te Jo-han-nes !

Did you ever wonder how the notes of the scale came to be named *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do*? Here's the story:

About a thousand years ago, music in the Christian churches was sung in unison or octaves. At the beginning of the tenth century, a monk of St. Amand by the name of Hucbald of Flanders (840-930) made what is believed to be the first attempt to systematize part-singing. The method he developed is usually called "parallel motion" and would be most unpleasantly harsh to our ears. He arranged for some voices to sing the melody, others to sing the same melody either a fifth higher or a fourth lower.

In the following century, one of the outstanding singers and teachers of the era, Guido (995-1050), from the Italian hill town of Arezzo, undertook to improve this system. He omitted the fifths and modified the fourths and added other innovations.

Guido organized a boys choir and trained it very thoroughly according to his method. The choir became famous. One of its special numbers was a hymn to St. John, and in the melody each of the first six lines began one

degree higher than the preceding one. The beginning notes of the first six lines thus progressed methodically up the scale, and Guido adopted the beginning syllables of the accompanying words as names for the notes of the scale. The hymn to St. John is:

*Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti
Labii reatum,
Sancte Johannes!*

Translation:

In order that thy servants with open (vocal) chords may sign again and again the wonders of thy deed, crush the indictment against our sinful lips, O St. John!

The syllables *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol*, and *La* were the names originally used by Guido. Later *Do* came to be used instead of *Ut*, and *Ti* (or *Si*) was added.

Singing by note names is called *solfeggio*, and Guido d'Arezzo is credited with its invention. ♦

What Enrollment Means

Enrollment is the beginning. Boys and girls in thousands of schools throughout the country join Junior Red Cross in the fall. Once joined up, they begin work on many different kinds of service projects which help them learn about today's world.

In Springfield, Mass., the Junior Red Cross director made a color-slide record of boys and girls taking part in various activities. The slides help her tell about the many people whose lives are touched by Junior Red Cross and the excitement of serving others. The Springfield record has 11 slides; we have chosen 6 of them to show what can be done to tell a program's story.



Robert O. Morris School first graders gather at Easter egg tree JRC set up at state hospital.



Party hats from Glickman School will go to children in hospitals.



Sixth graders at Washington School concentrate on Pilgrim hats they are making for a November party for others.



Painting, flip chart tell story of Washington School 2nd graders at store for gift box items.



A sixth grader at Homer Street School escorts first grade delegates after a council meeting.



Elias Brookings, Mapleshade, John J. Duggan JHS made party decorations for children's home.



"Do not cry," Ramon said to his little sister. "I will make you a burro."

RAMON AND THE BURROCITO

By Odessa Davenport

Ramon and his little sister, Eloisa, lived with their Uncle Isador. Their home was a small house built of sun-dried bricks. It stood near a small river in Mexico.

Uncle Isador gathered rushes that grew in near-by marshy places close to the river. When the long leaves were dry, he split them into narrow strips. He used these strips to weave toy horses.

Ramon often helped his uncle. He had learned to do the work well. Uncle Isador sold the toy horses they made in San Miguel, a town only a few miles away.

One day Ramon and Uncle Isador sat at a table in their home, working. Ramon finished the rush horse he was making.

"Shall I weave another one?" he asked. Uncle Isador shook his head.

"We already have more than is needed. I did not sell many of those I took to San Miguel on my last trip. If the tourists do not buy more when I go tomorrow, there will be little for us to eat—except vegetables from our garden."

Uncle Isador looked sadly down at the floor. If only I could help, Ramon thought. But he could think of nothing a boy could do.

Eloisa came in from the tiny kitchen.

"Uncle Isador," she said, "two weeks from today there will be a celebration in San Miguel. Mrs. Ramirez has asked me to go with her family. Will you buy me a red ribbon to wear in my hair?"

"I'm afraid not, small one," he said. "I have not enough money to buy food. How then can I buy a ribbon for you?"

Ramon saw tears fill his sister's eyes.

"Do not cry," he said. "You will have fun at the celebration anyway."

"No," Eloisa said. "All the other girls will have new ribbons. I will tell Mrs. Ramirez I do not want to go."

She turned and ran into the kitchen.

Ramon felt unhappy. If only he could think of some way to earn a few cents, he would buy a ribbon for Eloisa.

Next morning Ramon helped Uncle Isador pack the toy horses into a large canvas bag. There were so many of them, two had to be left out. "Never mind," Uncle Isador said. "I probably would not sell them, anyway."

"Should I gather more rushes while you are gone?" Ramon asked.

"I suppose so. Although if I do not have better luck today, we shall not need them." He hoisted the pack to his shoulder.

"Good-bye, children," Uncle Isador said. He went out the door.

Ramon and Eloisa watched him for a long time. Finally, when he reached the highway, he turned south and was soon out of sight.

"Come, Eloisa," Ramon said, "let us gather rushes."

They hastened to a near-by marsh. Soon they had all the long-leaved plants they could carry. They took them back to the little house and spread them on the flat roof to dry in the hot summer sun.

Then Ramon went to the garden to weed the beans, chili peppers, and other vegetables. Already the tomato plants were full of red, ripe tomatoes. As he worked, he wished again that he could think of a way to earn some money, even if it were only a little.

Suddenly an idea of how he might do this came to him. He picked six of the largest, reddest tomatoes and placed them carefully in a basket.

"Come, Eloisa," he said. "We will go to Mrs. Ramirez' house."

When they got there, plump, jolly-looking Mrs. Ramirez was hanging out her washing.

"Good morning," she said, smiling.

"Good morning," Ramon said politely. "Would you like some fine, fresh tomatoes?"

"I am sorry, Ramon," she said, "but my own garden gives more tomatoes than we can eat."

The two children started to walk back toward home.

"Is there nowhere else we might sell the tomatoes?" Eloisa asked.

"Nowhere at all," her brother answered. "We have no other neighbors."

When they reached home, Ramon set the basket of beautiful tomatoes on a shelf and walked into the room where he and Uncle Isador worked. He saw the two left-over rush horses lying on the table. For several seconds he stood looking at them. A plan formed in his mind.

"Eloisa!" he shouted. "I can take those toy animals down to the highway where rich tourists pass in their fine cars. I will hold up the horses. The tourists will stop and buy them!"

He picked the toys up and walked out the door. Eloisa followed him. Ramon stopped.

RAMON AND THE BURROCITO

continued

"Stay here, little sister," he said. "You cannot walk to the highway and back. It is too far."

"But I don't want to stay here alone!" she cried. "I have no one to play with. Please let me go with you!"

"No. You would get too tired. Uncle Isador would not like it if I let you walk all that way in the hot sun."

"All right," Eloisa said, but she did not look happy.

Ramon hurried toward the highway. A moment after he reached the paved roadway, a red car came toward him, moving very fast. He waved the toy horses aloft, shouting, "Buy this fine horse! Buy this fine horse!" But the car went by so fast that the people in it didn't even see what Ramon was holding up, or hear what he said. Ramon's shoulders drooped. Several other cars went by. None of them stopped. Not a driver even looked at him. He was about to give up.

Then he saw another car coming. It was not moving as fast as the others had done. "I'll try once more," he thought. Ramon held the two rush horses aloft and shouted as loud as he could.

The car slowed down, stopped. "Now I will sell my horses!" Ramon thought joyfully.

A man with a fat red face looked out.

"How far to San Miguel?" he shouted in an angry voice.

"Four miles, *Señor*," Ramon answered. "Would you like to buy a toy for your children?"

"Don't have any children!" he barked, and shot away.

It was no use. Ramon knew he couldn't sell his rush horses to people traveling on the highway. He turned and plodded back home. When he reached the small house, he found Eloisa sitting on the doorstep. She was crying.

"What is the matter, little sister?" he asked.

"I'm lonesome," she sobbed. "Where we used to live, I had a little brown burro to play with. But here there is no one."

"Do not cry," Ramon said, "I will make you a burro."

"But you cannot do that, Ramon!"

"Well, not a real one, of course. But I will make you a toy *burrocito* from the dried leaves of the rushes."

"Oh, could you? I would like that," Eloisa said, smiling.

Ramon set to work. There weren't many leaf strips left, so the burro would have to be VERY small. When it was finished Eloisa laughed for joy and hugged the little animal.

"Now that I have him to play with, I shall never be lonesome again!" she exclaimed.

When Uncle Isador came home that evening he was very sad. He had sold only three of his rush horses. The only food he had enough money to buy was a small sack of corn meal.

"A stranger set up his stall next to mine in the town square," he told the children. "Everything he had for sale was very tiny. Baskets made of horsehair no larger than a thimble. Monkeys only as long as one of the cut worms in our garden. Statues of saints the size of my little finger. The tourist ladies twittered like happy birds because his things were so small. They bought almost everything he had and hardly looked at my fine horses. How shall I get food for you, my poor children?"

"Do not worry, my uncle," Ramon said, trying to be brave. "You will think of a way."

Eloisa held up her *burrocito* for him to see.

"Look," she said. "Ramon made it."

Uncle Isador took the toy in his hands.

"You wove it quite well, Ramon," he said kindly. "But it does not look much like a horse." He peered more closely at the little rush animal.

"Why, it is NOT a horse!" he exclaimed. "It is a burro! A VERY SMALL ONE! And the tourist ladies LIKE small things!"

There was a moment of silence. Then Uncle Isador turned to Ramon.

"You and I will weave many *burrocitos*," he said. "At San Miguel the tourists will crowd my stall to buy them."

Next day Ramon and Uncle Isador worked happily together. When evening came, Uncle Isador looked at the many toy animals lying on the work table.

He frowned, "Even though we made them as small as we could, they are larger than anything the man has in the stall next to me," he said.

"Perhaps I shall not be able to sell these, after all. What shall I do then?"

"Do not worry, my uncle," Ramon said.

Next morning when Uncle Isador set out for San Miguel, he tried to be cheerful, but Ramon could see that his uncle was worried about whether he would sell the *burrocitos*.

Ramon was worried, too. All that day Eloisa played happily with her own *burrocito*, but the hours passed slowly for Ramon.

While it was still early afternoon, the children saw their uncle coming along the road leading from the highway. What could have happened? Ramon thought. Usually Uncle Isador did not get home until sundown. The canvas bag he was carrying looked as full as

when he had left this morning. Eloisa came to stand beside Ramon.

"Hello, children!" Uncle Isador shouted.

"Didn't you sell ANY *burrocitos*?" Ramon asked.

"I sold every one! And before noon!" Uncle Isador said, smiling. "I could have been here sooner, but I had business to attend to. Come inside with me."

The children crowded close to their uncle as he stood by the kitchen table. One by one, he took packages from his bag. Beans. Corn meal. Dried onions. Rice. Canned peaches. Even a small sack of candy. Uncle Isador reached into his bag once more.

"This is for you," he said, handing a small flat package to Eloisa. She opened it quickly, held up a beautiful satin ribbon.

"Oh!" she gasped. "A red ribbon to wear to the celebration!"

"There is enough for you," Uncle Isador smiled "and plenty besides to tie around the neck of your *burrocito*. He is a dear little animal. Look at all the good luck he brought."

Ramon was very happy. He and Uncle Isador would make many more *burrocitos*. There would be plenty of food now. Their good uncle did not have to worry any more. And Eloisa had a beautiful red ribbon to wear to the celebration in San Miguel. ♦

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CRANDALL



While it was still early afternoon, they saw their uncle coming back along the road from town.



hoses, tubing, sheeting, non-conductive rubber flooring. Steam rollers, bulldozers and other community equipment need rubber as do electric and telephone equipment.

From Footwear to

The story of rubber may sometimes read like fiction, exciting and almost unbelievable, even like a science thriller. The story is important, because rubber is one of the world's most essential raw materials and one of its most useful in many ways. Without this precious milk-like white fluid, our lives would be affected in almost every aspect.

Rubber is a substance of many properties. It is airtight (inner tubes) and it is ventilated (foam cushioning). It can be soft (balloons) or it can be amazingly hard (bowling balls). It stretches and it snaps right back (rubber bands, machine belts). It can withstand extremes of heat or cold (-60° F to 380° F). It is waterproof (raincoats) or it soaks up water (sponges). It resists wear (tires) or it wears away (erasers). It bounces (balls) or it absorbs bounce (shock absorbers). It protects against electricity (wiring). It is adhesive, resists sunlight, withstands oil or acid or chemicals, can be sterilized and is always quiet.

Transportation and communication depend heavily on rubber. Tons of rubber are used in industry—in factories, mines, mills, and packing plants. Power and light come from electricity carried in rubber-insulated wires. Rubber strips, tires, and certain types of rubber clothing are needed to keep businesses, industries, and community services going.

Our community needs rubber for hoses, tires, boots, and raincoats for our fire department and police department. In the hospital rubber is used for surgical gloves, oxygen

Some roads, streets and highways are paved with rubber compounds.

The modern farmer would be right back in the horse and buggy days without the services of rubber. It would mean doing without the rubber tires or machine belts that he needs for his tractors, loaders, combines and trucks. The farmer also uses many by-products of rubber for insecticides and weed killers.

In the home there are too many uses of rubber to count. Vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, washer, dryer, dishwasher, telephone, tel-

Rubber Manufacturers Assoc., photo



In a rubberized flight pressure suit, an astronaut makes a practice entry into a space capsule.

evision, radio, lamp—all have rubber parts. We use rubber floor covering, paint, cushioning for furniture and rugs, hoses, rubber-insulated heat panels, brushes, sponges, gloves,

Spacewear

By Francine Litt Brown

door mats, stair treads and clothing.

In almost every sport rubber plays its part—in balls, helmets, shoes, bathing suits, caps, floats, rafts, and fishing equipment.

Where, then, does rubber come from? How is it made to serve us?

Scientists believe that rubber has existed in various parts of the world for many centuries. In Germany, pieces of fossilized rubber have been discovered that are believed to be 55 to 60 million years old.

Ancient picture writings indicate that rubber was used by the early Ethiopians and Egyptians.

Rubber relics have been found among Mayan ruins dating from 1050 in Central America. Reports of Christopher Columbus record that in 1495 the natives of Haiti played games with rubber balls.

A French scientist in 1736, after a visit to Peru, took back reports to Europe of a thick white liquid which flowed from slit trees. The liquid was collected by the Indians and allowed to dry, after which it was rolled into gummy balls. Spanish and Portuguese explorers, as well as South American natives, coated their capes, boots, and battle shields with this sticky liquid to make them waterproof.

In 1770 Dr. Joseph Priestley (who discovered oxygen) found that this gummy substance was useful for rubbing out pencil marks and this led to the substance being called "rubber."

In 1820, an Englishman, Thomas Hancock,



Natural Rubber Bureau photo

The tapper cuts a thin piece of bark from the rubber tree to start the latex running into the cup.

invented a machine called the masticator which ground up rubber and made it workable. Charles Macintosh, a Scotsman, in 1823 invented a rubber-coated material for raincoats, which then were called "mackintoshes."

In 1833 the United States' first rubber works were opened (in Massachusetts), although the first shipment of crude rubber had arrived in 1800. Other companies followed.

Rubber still presented problems, however. It turned soft and sticky in warm weather or near heat and hard and stiff in cold weather.

This problem was solved by Charles Goodyear, a New England inventor. After experimenting unsuccessfully for five years, one day in 1839, while working with a mixture of rubber and sulphur, he accidentally dropped some on a hot stove. The substance charred like leather but remained flexible. Goodyear also discovered that cold did not affect it either.

He named his method of curing rubber *vulcanization* after Vulcan, the Roman god of fire.

This discovery, which was the turning point in the rubber industry, came at just the right time. In Europe and America the Industrial Revolution was in progress. Steam and electric power were known and machines (railway, steamboat, telegraph) were being built to use them. Rubber was just the material needed to perfect these inventions.

Originally our rubber supply was from the jungle trees of Brazil. In 1876, an Englishman, Sir Henry Wickham, collected thousands of seeds from these trees (called *hevea brasiliensis*) to develop plantations where rubber could be produced more easily and cheaply.

Today 95 percent of our natural rubber comes from the rubber plantations of Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, and Ceylon. The other 5 percent comes from Liberia (Africa) and Latin America.

Rubber trees require a hot, wet climate found in the rubber belt extending 700 miles

on either side of the Equator.

The rubber tree usually grows 30 to 60 feet in height. When its seed pods ripen, a gas within them causes them to explode. The seeds may be thrown as far as 100 feet.

A mature tree will yield 4 to 15 pounds of rubber per year. The milky latex is obtained by tapping (cutting into the bark and inserting a spout).

Today, many of the rubber articles we use are made of synthetic rubber. Large-scale production of synthetic rubber in the United States began during World War II, when this country was cut off from the 95 percent of our natural rubber supply furnished up to that time by plantations in the Far East. A government-sponsored crash program succeeded in raising synthetic rubber production during the war from 6,000 tons a year in 1941 to nearly half a million tons yearly in 1945. Yearly production of synthetic rubber in the United States is now over a million tons. But natural rubber is far from out of the picture. Last year, 555,000 tons of it served us in many ways every day. ♦

FIRST AID FACT No. 9

ART BY TIM EVANS



A pet or stray animal that has bitten someone or looks sick should be caught (alive, if possible) and taken to an animal hospital for observation. This should be done so that trained persons can find out what illness the animal has and take steps to protect everyone's health.

But you should not try to catch the animal yourself. Ask your teacher or parents to contact the SPCA or your community's animal pound. The people who work for both are trained animal handlers; if your pet is involved, they will take good care of him.

(Next month: First aid for animal bites.)



Business booms at Thatcher School sale of marble and jack bags made in winter months.

MARBLE AND JACK BAGS FOR SALE

A Spring Fever Worth Having

That's a strange title for November. But we aren't mixed up. The reason we're telling you about a spring fever story in November is that every good project needs advance planning. Think about this project for springtime at your school.

The fifth grade at Thatcher School in Pueblo, Colo., makes and sells each spring about 300 bags for marbles and jacks.

The bags are ready for the moment when warming steps and ground are just right for the annual marbles and jacks games, and they are snapped up by the 500-pupil student body at Thatcher.

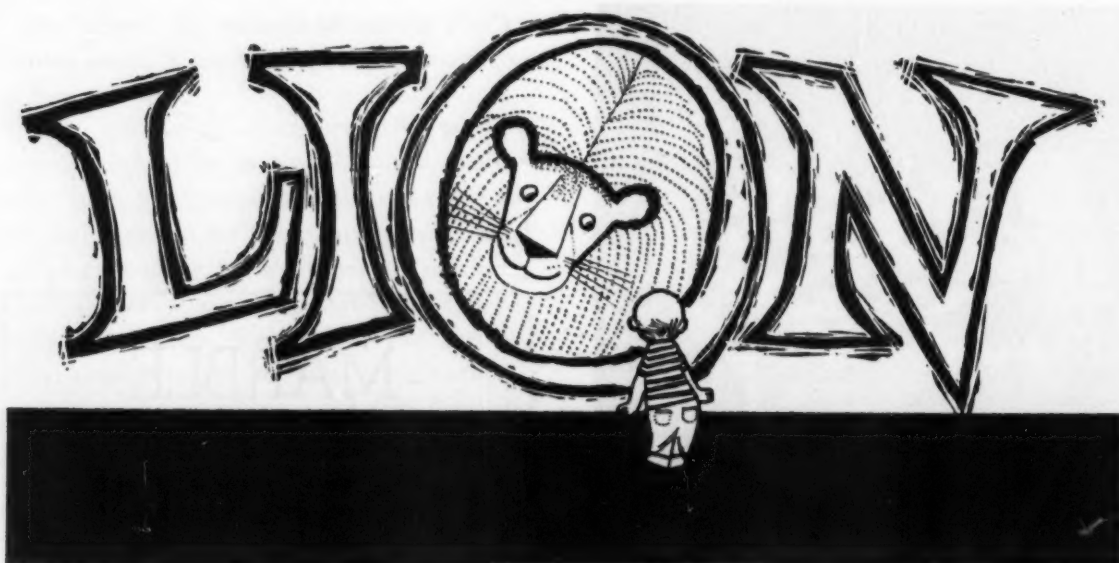
Here's how Teacher Eleanor Alt's fifth graders do it: First they ransack scrap bags at home and bring the pieces to school. Mrs. Alt cuts the pieces by bag patterns, then the class members take them home again to sew, hem, and press them.

Next comes the advertising campaign at school. Art period makes posters that are put up everywhere in the school. A class member announces the coming sale each morning for a week over the public address system. The bags, meanwhile, are sorted and priced.

During the 3-day sale at tables in the hall, every member of the class serves for at least one period as a salesman-clerk.

The money made from the sale buys the materials that go into the class' Junior Red Cross gift boxes. A committee of five class members (names drawn from a hat) go with Mrs. Alt to buy the materials. The entire class then packs the boxes—one for each pupil.

Summing up, Mrs. Alt says, "The lessons in art, arithmetic, salesmanship, cooperativeness, and a desire to help others are invaluable. The joy and beauty of the entire project is that every student participates." ♦



By Vivian L. Thompson

What do you think happens to someone who is always making up stories about strange animals?

Danny was a good boy but he would make up stories! He would say,

"Look! There is a red duck in the dog house!"

"Look! There is a yellow cow in the garden!"

"Look! There is a blue rabbit in your car!"

Mother would say, "Danny! You and your stories!"

One day, Danny came into the house. He got some water.

Mother said, "Danny! What is the water for?"

Danny said, "The lion wants a drink."

"What lion?" said Mother.

"The lion in the back yard," said Danny.

Mother said, "Danny! You and your stories."

Soon Danny came back. He got some meat.

Mother said, "Danny! What is the meat for?"

Danny said, "The lion wants something to eat."

"The lion in the back yard?" said Mother.

"Yes," said Danny.

Mother said, "Danny! I wish you would not make up stories!"

Soon Danny came back again. He got the little box with the red cross on top.

Mother said, "Danny! What is the little box for?"

Danny said, "The lion has a cut on his foot."

"The lion that drank the water and ate the meat?" said Mother.

"Yes," said Danny.

Mother said, "Danny! No more stories! Go out and play!"

Soon Father came home. "Where is Danny?" he said.

"In the back yard," said Mother.

Father sat down to read the news. "Did you hear about the lion?" he said. "He ran away from the Zoo."

Mother said, "Father! You and your stories! You are just like Danny! He says there is a lion in the back yard!"

Father said, "He does?" He looked up from his news. "What was that funny noise?"

It came again. A little howl . . . and then a big howl . . .

Father and Mother ran to look out. There

was Danny with a big yellow lion. The lion put out his paw. Danny put something on it from the little box. Danny said, "There now. It will be all right."

The lion gave just a little howl.

Father said, "Mother! Call the Zoo! Tell them to come right away!"

Father ran out to the yard. He said, "Danny! Come away from that lion! He may hurt you!"

Danny said, "Not this lion! He knows I want to help him."

The lion gave his paw a little lick. He gave Danny a lick. Danny gave a laugh.

The lion lay down by Danny. He went to sleep.

Danny said, "See? He is a good lion."

The lion had a good sleep. The noise woke him up. The noise from . . .

the man next door . . .

two firemen . . .

three policemen . . .

four men from the Zoo . . .

five big boys . . .

six little girls . . .

seven dogs . . .

eight cats . . .

and one man to take pictures!

Next day, Danny and the lion were in the news. From that day on, Mother did not say, "Danny! You and your stories!"

because . . .

from that day on . . .

Danny did not make up stories!

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK ANDERS



"There now," Danny said. "It will be all right."

INTERESTING THINGS



Council Operation Demonstrated

When a school wants to form a Junior Red Cross council, who gives the tips about running a good, business-like council?

In Alexandria, Va., the Mt. Vernon Elementary School council—one year old and full of information learned happily and sadly from experience—set up a model council meeting as a demonstration for Junior Red Cross representatives from other schools.

It was a real learning-together. And the presentation was taped so others could hear it afterward.

How To Make a Junior Red Cross Story

Each pupil in the second grade at Douglas School, Minneapolis, Minn., last year made his own Junior Red Cross story.

On gay pages tied together with red yarn

into a booklet, the story includes the Junior Red Cross pledge of service, a personal picture of "How I earned money for Junior Red Cross," another picture showing the Red Cross truck that "brings things to people who need them," a picture of "How our money helps others," and—last—the words of the Junior Red Cross song.

New Friends for Moroccan Boy

When an American doctor who was helping paralysis victims in Morocco last year discovered Fouad Iraki, the boy had never walked.

The doctor brought him to the United States for treatment at a children's hospital in Atlantic City, N.J. Within 3 months, Fouad was walking with the help of braces.

Junior Red Cross members in Atlantic City heard about Fouad and began visiting him. Fouad's English developed by leaps and bounds, and soon he and his new friends were talking about school, games, hobbies.

Being planned for Fouad at last word from Atlantic City was an album containing postcards from each of the 50 states and a sight-seeing tour as soon as Fouad was able to take short rides away from the hospital.

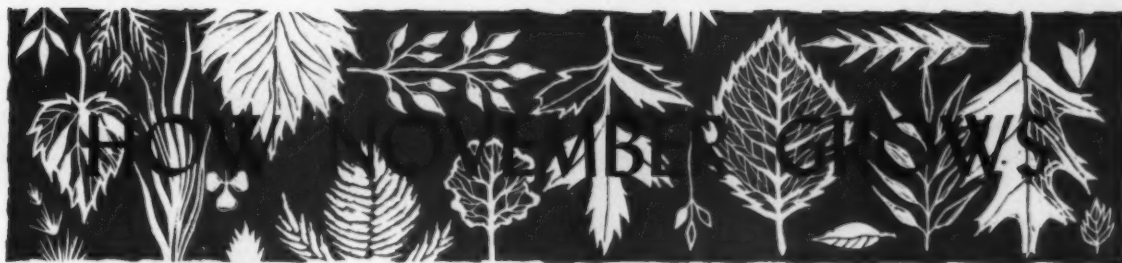
Do you know a boy or girl who has to stay at home while convalescing? A visit from you might be very welcome. (Check first, of course, to make sure it's all right with parents and doctor.)

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

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SUNRISE

Sunrise comes at break of day,
Dressed up in its fine array,
Pinks and blues, with never a gray,
Beautiful gold notes hold full sway.

—Julia Holcomb
Alameda School
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

THE FALL

I like it in the fall
When leaves are on the wall.
I like the colored leaves so bright
Shimmering in the bright sunlight.
I like to see the grass so brown
When colored leaves are falling down.

—Michael Waters
Longfellow School
St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT I AM THANKFUL FOR

For families and for homes,
For big buildings with their domes,
For food so good we eat,
For nice friends to meet:
That is what I am thankful for.

For the beautiful churches,
For every bird that perches,
For eyes for our sight,
For hands with which we write:
That is what I am thankful for.

—Jimmy McCarth
White Oak School
Chattanooga, Tenn.

OPPOSITE

Tires are white
And snow is black;
Now what do you think of that?

The sky is green
And the grass is blue;
Does that seem right to you?

Flowers of all colors
Except for black and gray,
But in Opposite world
It's just the other way.

Dirt is green
And trees are brown;
Now look what you've got all around.

It looks very funny
To me and you;
I think the sky should be blue,
Don't you?

—Barbara Ginn
Wadsworth School
Decatur, Ga.

SPACE

Would you like to visit space?
What a big place to explore!
No floor
No door
Space and space forevermore.
Space goes everywhere
To places we don't dare.

—Mary Salomon
Mark Twain School
San Francisco, Calif.

No Bike For



Billy Green had been given his neighbor's old, outgrown bicycle. The bike was too small, even for Billy. And *it was old*. Its red paint was gone. Most of the bike was now an ugly, rusty brown. Anyone could see that it had been left out in the rain.

When Billy rode the bike it made a terrible squeaky noise. When he tried to use the horn, it didn't work. But Billy didn't care. It was a bike and he could ride it.

That is, Billy didn't care until his friends Peter and Dick had their birthdays. They both got beautiful new bikes. Their bikes

were blue and white, and bigger than his. They rode all over, honking their horns loudly. Billy followed them.

"My bike is *no good!*" Billy thought, as he looked at theirs. "I don't like it. I wish I didn't have it. Maybe then I could get a nice one."

One day Billy's father was sitting on the back steps when Billy came riding home.

"Daddy," he asked, "if I can get someone to buy this little bike, may I have a better one?"

Mr. Green looked at the old bike and smiled. "If anybody will buy that old bike,"

Sale

By Marjorie G. Fribourg



he said, "I'll get you a better one."

So Billy put up a sign on the front door.

**BIKE FOR SALE HERE
BUZZ THE BELL AND ASK FOR BILLY**

It wasn't long before a little boy and his mother came walking up the street. They saw Billy's sign and they buzzed the bell.

Billy pulled his bike around to the front of the house where they could see it.

"NO!" said the little boy to his mother. "I don't want that bike. The paint is all gone." So they shook their heads and went away.

"They are right," said Billy, and hurried to the kitchen where his mother was.

"Mother," he asked, "have you any of that green paint left? I mean the stuff you used on the kitchen chairs."

"Yes," she said, "there is plenty of it left."

"I want to paint my old bike," Billy said. His mother gave him the green paint, and she also gave him some yellow paint. She gave him some sandpaper to sand the bike down first.

Billy got right to work. When it was all painted the old bike looked wonderfully gay. Billy left it to dry.

After that, he took down the sign and changed it.

**BIKE FOR SALE
JUST PAINTED
BUZZ THE BELL AND ASK FOR BILLY**

Shortly before supper a man came walking down the street. With him was a school boy. They saw Billy's sign, and they also buzzed the bell.

Billy got his bike and showed it to them.

"I don't want that bike," the school boy said to the man. "It's too small." They shook their heads and away they went.

"They are right," said Billy, looking at the bike.

Under its seat and in the very middle of its front handlebars, the bike had two large nuts. They held its parts in place.

"If I could get them off," Billy thought, "I could lift the seat, and I could lift the front part. That would make it a bigger bike."

Billy hurried to the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "I want a wrench to turn the nuts on my bike." So his mother gave him all the tools she had.

Billy pulled at the nuts with all his might. He pulled and he pulled, this way and that. My, but they were hard to move. But at last they did turn round.

He lifted the seat and the handle bars as far as they would go. After that he turned the nuts back hard.

Then he climbed on the seat and rode the bike around a little. He could just feel how much bigger it was. So he took the sign down and changed it again.

**A BIG BIKE FOR SALE HERE
JUST PAINTED
BUZZ THE BELL AND ASK FOR BILLY**

But two days went by and no more people buzzed the bell. There didn't seem to be any more people who wanted a bike.

So Billy rode the bike to school. He told everyone how he had painted it and lifted the seat.

Many of his friends tried riding it. The bike squeaked all over the school yard.

"It's nice looking and it's big enough," all the children said, "but you'll never get anyone to buy it as long as it makes that noise."

On the way home he stopped at the garage

to see Tom, who sometimes fixed Father's car.

"Please, Tom," he said, "let me have some oil to stop that squeaky noise my bike makes."

"Sure, I'll fix that," Tom said, and put some oil from out of a can on several parts of the bike. Then the terrible squeaky noise was gone.

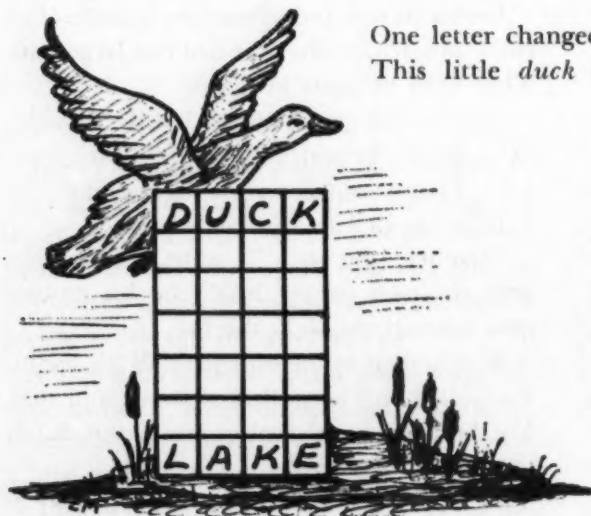
Billy thanked him and rode toward home. As he went along he passed a ten-cent store. There were bike horns in the window. Billy couldn't help but go in and buy one. He fixed it onto his bike and honked it all the way home.

Honk, honk, honk! What fun it was! Honk, honk, honk! Oh, but it was fun! In no time at all he was in front of his own door. There was the sign.

Quickly Billy pulled it down. He carried it around to the back of the house and threw it in the trash pail. And he didn't put it up again, not ever. ♦

"DUCK" TO "LAKE"

By Ellen Earnhardt Morrison



One letter changed for each word will take
This little *duck* right down to the *lake*.

1. Place where ships stop in port.
2. A stone.
3. A frame on which to hang something.
4. A contest of speed.
5. Tool for scraping up leaves.

SOLUTION

LAKE
DUCK

1. dock
2. rock
3. rack
4. race
5. rake



Ralph Bassinger, Kathy Wade, Gary Margason, Liz Johnson, Grady Nelson with album.

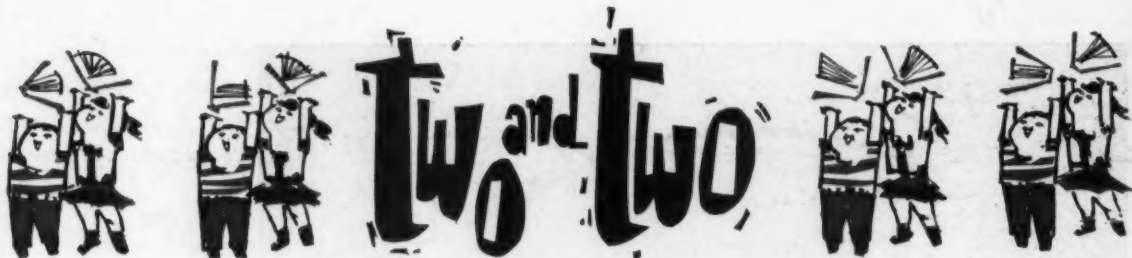
HOW TO SHOW OFF WELL

It takes time to make a beautiful, imaginative exhibit. The one you see here took today's fifth graders at the Maple School in Albany, Oregon, two years to complete; they carefully put it together bit by bit during the time they were in Mrs. Florence Schumaker's third and fourth grades.

"Maple School Presents America" tells about life in the United States, in Oregon, and in Albany, and about student activities at Maple School. Each section tells one story

about one subject, while all the sections together make up a complete book. In this way, the Australian schools that will see this exhibit can study the sections separately and then put them all together for a full story.

The children in Australia will know that the makers of this exhibit are proud of the United States, Oregon, Albany, and Maple School. They will want to tell their own story as beautifully.



By Mary Lynn Jones, Moore School, Clarksville, Tenn.

One and one are two, Two and two are four.
Three times one are three, Three times three are nine.

That's enough for anyone who does not wish for more.
That's enough to multiply un - til I have more time.

Come and play, Come and play, No more lessons for today -

Come and play, Come and play, Let's all dance and sing.

One and one are two, Two and two are four.

That's enough for anyone who does not wish for more.

